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"SALLY of OURS"

By CLAUDE PAMARES

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At the railroad eating house at Pine Hill they called her "Our Sally" and "Sally of Ours." Pine Hill was a small station at the foot of the mountains, and the eating house was for the convenience of the freight train crews and the few mechanics kept in the shop there to make repairs. It was Mother Walker who kept the Eagle Eating House, but it was "Sally of Ours" who got most of the credit. She was a young woman of twenty-eight, rough and uncultured and by no means good looking, but considerate and kind hearted to a degree. In a way, all the boys came to know that she had seen trouble, and they were careful not to indulge in remarks to hurt her feelings. It was always "Our Sally" who bound up their hurts or was ready with a remedy at the first sign of mountain fever.

It was a little community, seldom added to or detracted from, and it was quite an event when one day a new freight brakeman appeared among them. He was a man of thirty, and it was at once apparent that he was out of his element. He had the bearing and speech of a gentleman.

Within an hour of the arrival of his train the new hand was nicknamed "Gentleman George," and no one at Pine Hill ever learned that he had any other name. He dropped into his place among the rest, was in time called a good fellow, and things went on as before.

Not exactly, however—not with "Sally of Ours." Every man of the crowd was in the habit of speaking to her kindly, but there was something beyond that in the attitude of the new man. In a dim way she realized that he was above them in birth and social standing. She had made friends with the ordinary trainmen as an equal, but she feared and respected the new man. She heard it whispered that disappointment in love or some family matter had made a wanderer of him, and that added to the romance.

Within a month "Sally of Ours" was in love with "Gentleman George," but not for worlds would she have given her secret away. For a woman who had no social training she was a good dissembler, and, although some of the boys winked and nodded at times, none of them knew the depth of her feeling. Only once during the eight months the new man was on the road was her secret in danger. That was when a switch was thrown and a dozen freight cars were piled in a heap. She actually led the rescuing party, and it was her hands that helped to dig out "Gentleman George" from the wreck, and when it was found that he was badly bruised the other men saw tears in her eyes.

Two months after the accident the victim of the wreck took a partner and set off among the mountains on a prospecting trip.

The boys saw the two off with a fare-

waiting reply.

"Um!" said the other. "I didn't know but that you'd been silly enough to think of love. Well, drop a little peppermint into your tooth, and then we'll go to work and clear up these dishes."

When two months had gone by the return of the prospectors was looked for daily. Winter threatened to set in early. The days went by and the snows came and the men did not return.

One evening when the first blizzard of the season was howling around Pine Hill Jack Ruthven came crawling in. He was the partner, and he was so knocked about and exhausted that it was twenty-four hours before they got a statement from him. The prospectors had had poor luck and had delayed until the last moment in hope of bettering it. Then came an unlooked for calamity. "Gentleman George" had been taken ill, and within thirty-six hours he developed a case of smallpox.

"And you left him there to die alone?" demanded Sally. "Of course."

"We had no food, no medicines. And what could I do?" he asked.

"Shame on you forever! In twenty-four hours the blizzard will have passed. What then? I ask you, Jack Ruthven, and I ask every other man present here—what then?"

No one answered her. The partner had said the distance was at least thirty miles to the rude shanty they had made headquarters, and there would be a foot and a half of snow on the ground and zero weather after the passing blizzard. No man felt that he had one chance in twenty of reaching the sick man.

"And what then?" asked the woman again. There was the same silence and shaking of heads as before.

Next morning, an hour after daylight, Mother Walker found the young woman making up a bundle and putting on her heaviest garments.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I am going after George," was the quiet reply.

"What! Thirty miles through weather like this!"

"There is no man here, and so I am forced to go myself. It will be no use to argue. If he is alive I will bring him back. Say nothing to the boys until I am gone. Then have them fit up a warm room in one of the sheds. You can get one of the Indian boys to bring us food, and the operator will telegraph to Cedar Crest for the doctor."

"Sally of Ours" was gone before the railroad hands knew anything about it. The blizzard passed away as the day grew older, but every man knew that with that depth of snow on the ground and the thermometer standing well below zero the woman had set herself a tremendous task. Even if she succeeded in reaching the spot she would find the sick man dead.

Three days passed. They were days in which the strong and sturdy men off duty tried to make themselves believe that no shame had come to them by refusing to form a rescuing party, but they ate their meals and went about their work without consolation.

An hour after nightfall of the third day "Sally of Ours" appeared. She had a burden on her broad back. When her hello was heard she was directed to the room prepared. Thence on for twenty days neither the woman nor her patient was seen. Each morning she would call out the condition of the sick man and each night would slip out to the coal pile and secure fuel for the next day.

At the end of three weeks the room was thrown open one morning, the

you can remember Sally of the eating house, that's all I ask. You couldn't pull me up, and I'm the last one who'd want to drag you down. We'll shake hands, and—"

And when he went away next morning, to be seen no more at Pine Hill, she had her head on the kitchen table again and was weeping harder than before.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Question for debating societies: When a life insurance agent tackles a book canvasser, will the canvasser get his life insured, or will he sell a book?—Somerville Journal.

Its Only Use.

First Small Boy—I wish I had that 5 cents back I spent for candy. Second Small Boy—What would you do with it? First Small Boy—Buy more candy.

Baldness.

Dot—Father, why do men get bald sooner than women? Father—Because they don't wear their hair so long.

FEAR A DROP IN PRICES.

Naval Stores Operators Are On The Watch.

Operators who have visited Jacksonville this week express some fear of an effort on the part of speculators to control the prices of the lower grades of rosin and to beat them down.

The shaving season is now on, and from now until the close of the present season there are to be nothing but lower grades manufactured, or, at least, most of the rosin made will be of a lower grade. The operators claim that they have scented an effort to run the prices of these grades down until the goods are in the hands of the exporters.

Already there have been conferences here between some of the factors and operators who have come to Jacksonville for this purpose, and the indications are that, if there is to be any further drop, the operators will be called for a conference and to devise some plan to prevent reduced prices.—Savannah Morning News.

MELLOW MISTS OF AUTUMN IN FLORIDA

(Continued from first page.)

Autumn is a favorite season and a favorite word with me. It has in it a Mississippi of melody for me, especially after the quivering heats of summer have been drawn out to the last limit. There are words you know which have in them the careless shallows or tragic depths of life—words that have in them either laughter or tears, mornings or midnight, dynamite or dewdrops. But in all the books there are few words that have for me the attractions of the word Autumn, Hail! Golden Season of the year, I greet you! Thrice welcome art thou!

Wall Paper

The Florida Book Supply Co., has just received a nice line of Wall Paper and from now on, intend to keep a nice line in stock all the time.

If you have any rooms to be papered be sure to call and see our line before ordering.

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One Pair "Black Cat" Shoes

To the boy or girl who forms the most words out of "Black Cat," using each letter only the number of times

"Black Cat." Contest closes and prize will be given Saturday.

"Black Cat" Shoes are the best children's dress shoes in the show window.

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Cakes made special to order. Cream Bread a Specialty. At the old Racket Store, in front of the Court House. Clegg and Knowles, Props.

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New Goods, Stylish and Tasty

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will, as never before, try to show up the Prevailing Fashions this Season, therefore the Ladies are invited to call.—Too early to list goods, but look for future notices

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The idea of a Cough Syrup that will act on the bowels, and thus assist in expelling colds from the system is new and original in Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.

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A certain, safe and harmless remedy for all Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, La Grippe, Bronchitis, Influenza and all Lung and Bronchial affections. Mothers praise the children's favorite Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar

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HONEY AND TAR